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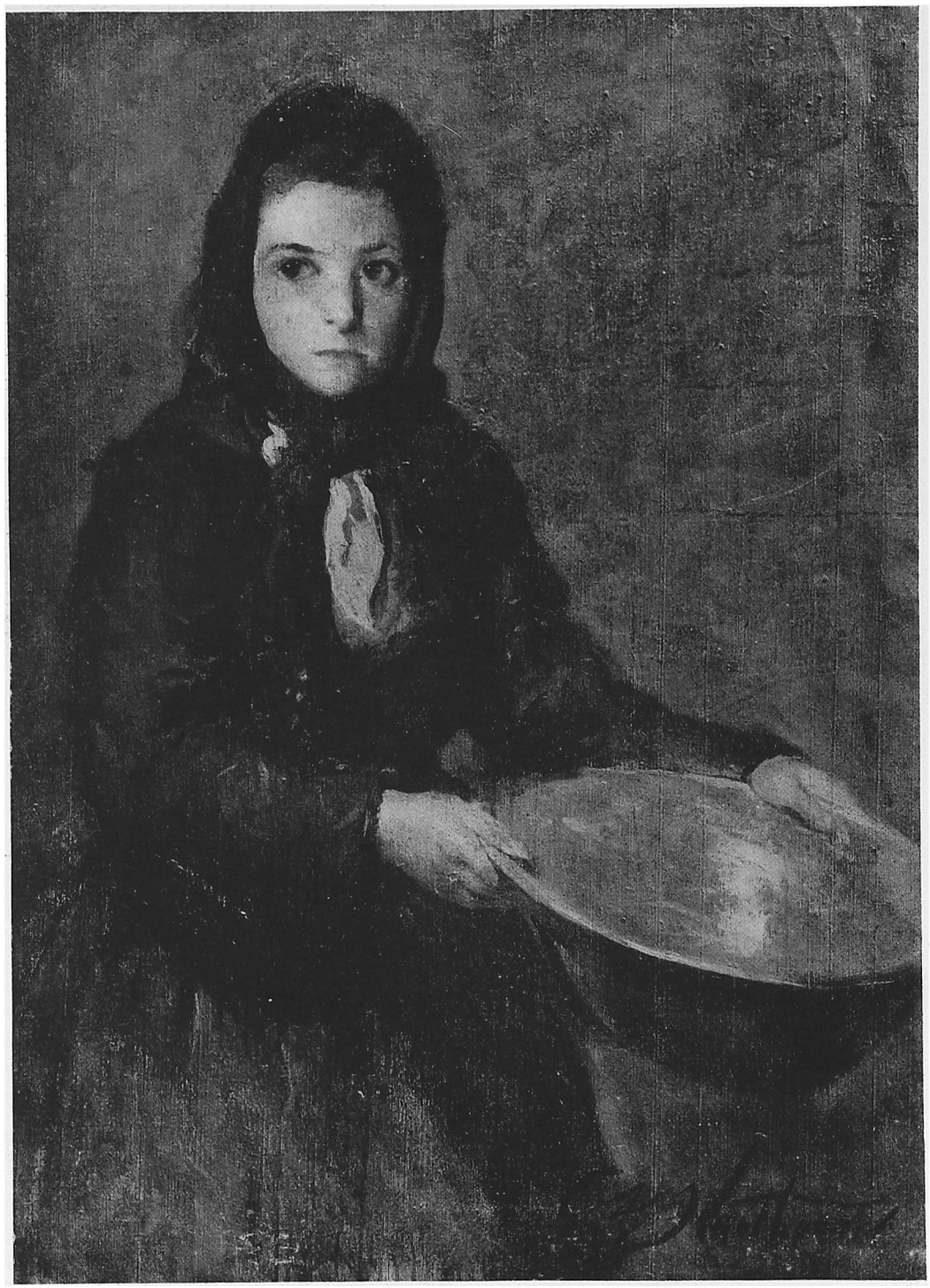
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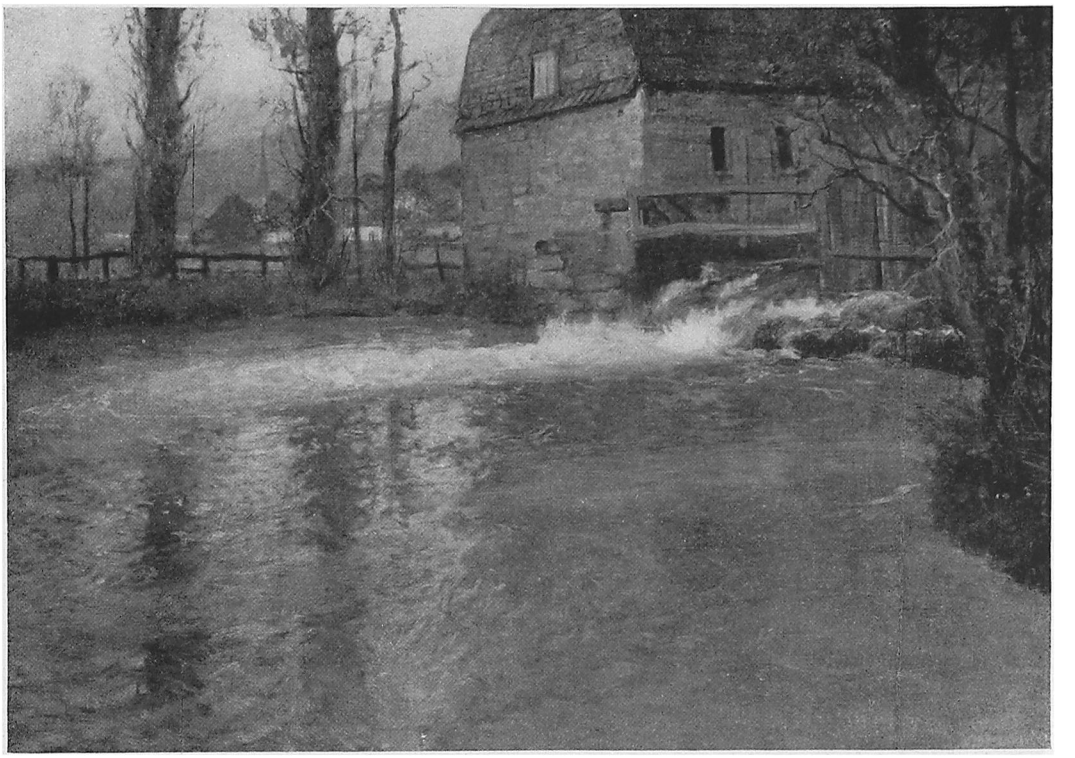
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*GIRL WITH BRASS BOWL*
*By Charles Hawthorne*

*—Exhibition at Carson Pirie Scott & Company.*



*BY THE MILL, BRITTANY*
*By Fritz Thaulow*

*—Exhibition at Carson Pirie Scott & Company.*

# Exhibitions at Chicago Galleries

By THE EDITOR

IN THE interval between passing exhibitions of great local significance the galleries of Carson Pirie Scott and Company are hung with some very fine examples of American and foreign masters. They number in this collection several important Keiths, a fine small Diaz, some small Blakelocks of the first quality, a Trouillebert, a little Israel, a McCord, some Thaulows and a small Inness. Then there are a number of modern works by Daingerfield, Hawthorne, F. Ballard Williams, Robert Henri and others of our present-day great men.

It will therefore readily be seen that while their special efforts are directed along the lines of encouraging, developing and popularizing the works of Chicago artists, they, nevertheless, maintain a background in the way of a collection of the world's best available art that gives significance to the admission into these galleries of a local artist's offerings.

The management is as keenly on the lookout for good things which may be secured from private collections or through any of the regular channels as are the heads of exclusive galleries the country over and with the power of a big commercial institution back of it this department of Car-



*IN ARCADY*
*By Frederick Ballard Williams*

*—Exhibition at Carson Pirie Scott & Company.*

son Pirie Scott and Company is in no way handicapped in the field, often indeed enjoying a considerable advantage.

At first an experiment the handling of truly great art in a department store has been here proven to be not only impossible but highly practical. Carson Pirie Scott and Company's work for the encouragement and development of local art has even received the official approval of the Commission for the Encouragement of Local Art and the co-operation of the Art Institute.

Collectors no longer regard a visit to these galleries as a novelty. In fact, they are included in the art patron's regular itinerary quite as a matter of course since it has become well known that really representative art is to be found there.

We illustrate herewith three important works hanging at present in these galleries, each of which is a first-class example of a great man at his best. The Thaulow is absolutely characteristic and as fine an achievement of this artist's as any collector could desire. The limpid, liquid greys of the water and the reflections of the red roof of the mill are all familiar Thaulow motifs combined and handled with the unmistakable charm of his artistic individuality.

The F. Ballard Williams is also an important canvas by a man whose art has developed the decorative and romantic in

rare balance. Nothing is wanting from this picture which could contribute to the spell of sheer beauty. There is grace of composition, decorative arrangement, poetic fancy, a romantic human interest, rich colour, interesting textures, luminosity and atmosphere. All are wrought cunningly with deft though broad handling into a tapestried fabric of dreams. One cannot imagine a more appropriate decorative climax to an interior scheme of graceful elegance than that which such a picture affords. It seems indeed to call forth its surroundings to bring to mind an appropriate setting amid the delicate luxury of some exquisite drawing room.

The Hawthorne of our illustration is quite the most poetic we have seen in some time. While a true enough study of type there is about it the universal appeal of little girhood and of pure artistic beauty. A something reminiscent of George Fuller pervades this canvas, perhaps however, this is only because of the deep limpid fascination of the dark eyes which recall his "Gypsy Girl," this and a prevailing tone of dull gold in its lights. The color throughout is subdued but pervaded by a feeling of richness and the brass bowl in the little girl's arms becomes an object of great decorative effect.

This is quite as tasteful a presentation of the beauty of simple lives as could be imagined or desired. The harsh conditions thereof are not over-emphasized nor the shabbiness or quaintness of attire, rather is all this a well-blended background against which shine out the loveliness of youth and innocence. This young child is so adorable considered either as a character or as a motif for a picture that all else is forgotten in our absorption in the central theme. This picture was painted by the artist as a gift to an artist friend and it therefore reflects the depth of the man's nature and a freedom of artistic statement such as could only prevail between those to whom the forms of art are a definite language.

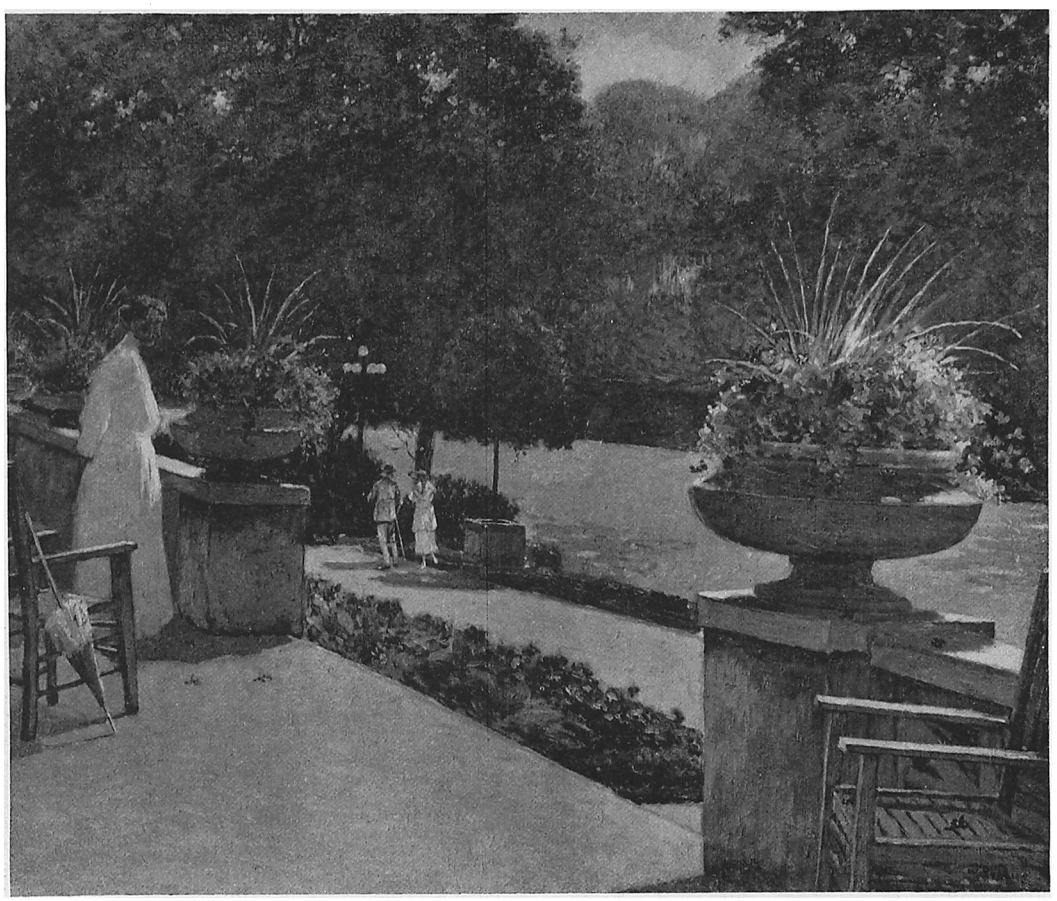
It is indeed a picture which while possessing the strong fundamental appeal which makes for wide popularity has also these subtleties which are for the connoisseur.

With the early days of May will burst into bloom in these galleries the long-heralded exhibition of works by Chicago artists which will be an event of the greatest local importance.

MARSHALL Field and Company are exhibiting to Chicagoans little glimpses of their own home town as reflected in the work of William Clusmann. He renders these familiar scenes acceptably adding to their local interest the grace of his art.

Mr. Clusmann is a Chicagoan of long standing and among the first of our local artists to recognize the picturesque possibilities of the dingy, mist-veiled river. In fact some of his contemporaries give him the credit of having discovered this stream, artistically speaking. In the present collection there are a number of his river themes, one of them being a larger edition of a canvas owned by Mr. Benjamin Carpenter and presenting a view of his warehouses along the stream. Very nice greys prevail throughout this work and it realizes all the picturesque possibilities of the locality.

Next to his river views the park scenes of Clusmann are most to be commended. Here he has an opportunity to record color and sun in canvas whose central thought and feeling is quite the reverse of the pensive sombreness of the river themes. Many of his Humboldt Park studies are gay with the brilliant colors of various flowers as seen in beds and borders and all are sunny and full of the modern feeling for freshness and vividness in the portrayal of outdoor scenes. He paints equally well in



*EARLY MORNING—GARFIELD PARK*
*By William Clusmann*
*—Exhibition at Marshall Field & Company.*

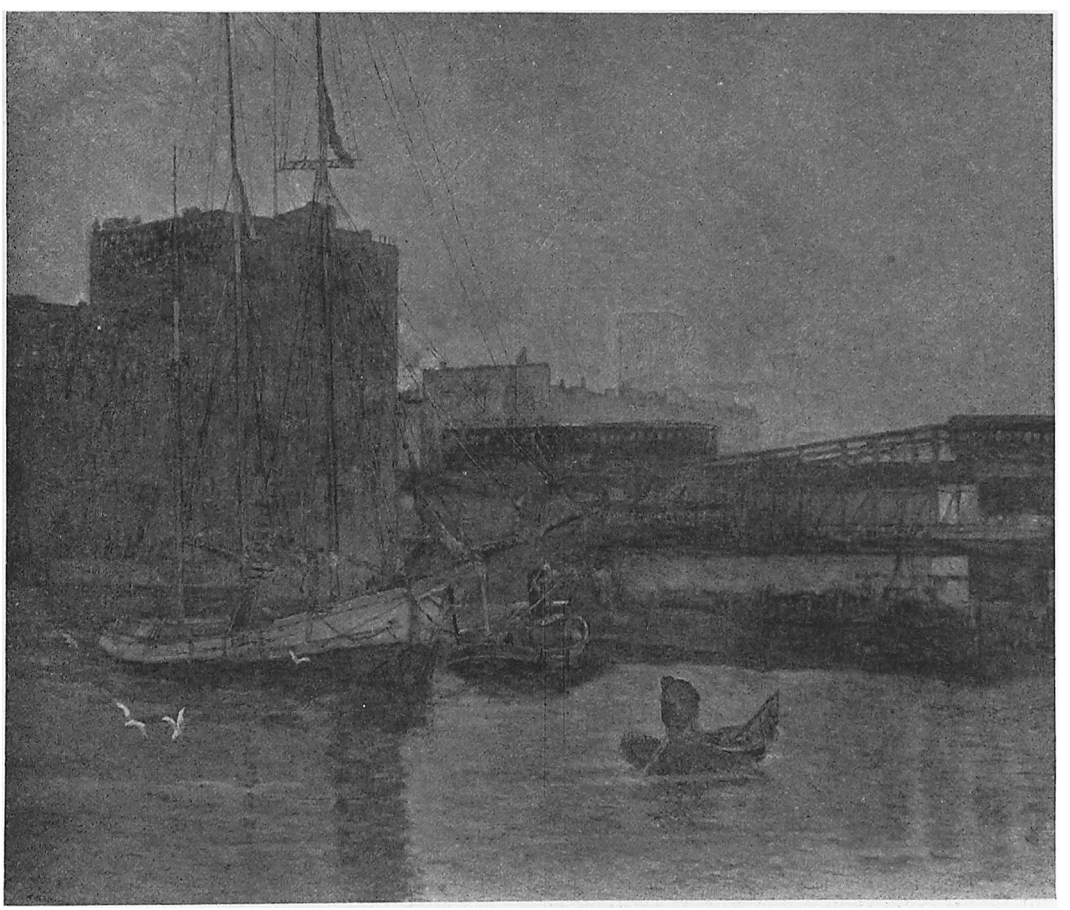
low or high key but as high-keyed pictures are for the moment more in public favor they always effect one's consciousness as smarter and more clever than do the less obtrusive songs of lower key.

Mr. Clusmann's park flower beds would therefore, no doubt, strike the majority of beholders as his surpassingly able achievements and they are most agreeable things such as give life, color and sunlight in an interior. These bright new modern school pictures indeed recommend themselves for the walls of city homes whose rooms are not uniformly as light as are those of suburban or country residences. In a town like Chicago where there is so much grey weather and so many dark days the ability to bring light into a room is one of the things greatly to be desired in pictures. One does not wonder therefore, at the popularity in this, his own community, of the works of a man who so well understands both its pictorial possibilities and its artistic needs. At first one might wonder that paintings of Chicago and vicinity would be in demand in Chicago and vicinity but there is a charm about familiar spots sincerely rendered and it is a pleasure to indulge reminiscently in the contemplation of a scene which one knows well. In a way such pictures are like the portraits of friends.

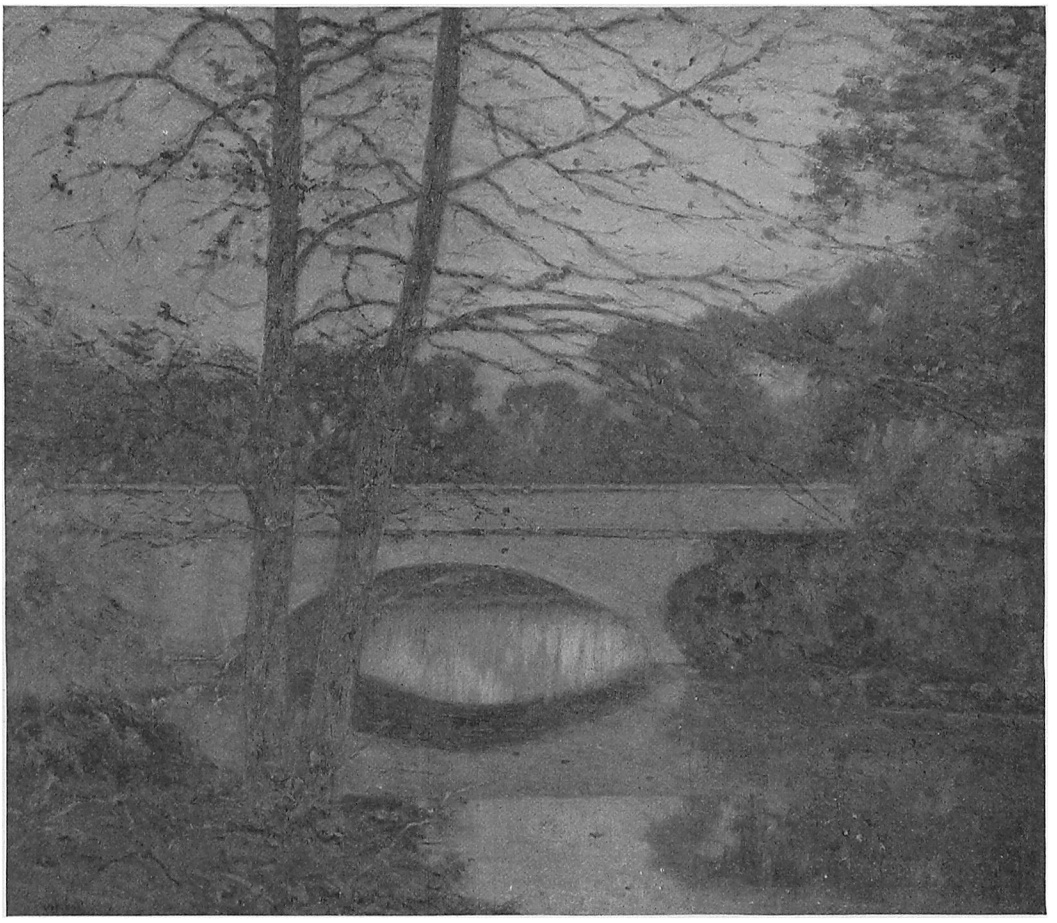
Mr. Clusmann also has several little foreign sketches in this show which are picturesque and pleasing with a homely atmosphere of peace and comfort. He had indeed spent the last few years in painting abroad, coming out of Germany only a year ago. The Government would not allow him to bring his pictures with him so they are all held in the Kaiser's grip awaiting the fortunes of war. This naturally does not increase the artist's regard for a power that the opportunity of observation at close range had already taught him to understand thoroughly and distrust accordingly. A more sincere appreciation of America is one of the things which this artist brought home from the war zone and that was something which government officials could not hold back at the border.

Our illustrations show a nice variety of the different aspects of Mr. Clusmann's art, comprising representative examples of the various phases thereof. They are all agreeable home pictures not too large in size or oppressive as to handling for the requirements of the average house or apartment of the better class.

William Clusmann was born in LaPorte, Indiana, and studied at the Royal Academy, Munich, as a pupil of Professors Benczur and Frederick Keller. He received Honorable Mention at Stuttgart, Germany, ex-



*AFTERNOON ON THE RIVER—FROM MADISON STREET BRIDGE*
*By William Clusmann* *—Exhibition at Marshall Field & Company.*



*OCTOBER AFTERNOON—GARFIELD PARK* —*Exhibition at Marshall Field & Company.*
*By William Clusmann*

hibited at Edinburgh, Scotland, World's Fair, Chicago, and other prominent exhibitions. He is represented in collections of Arche Club, North End Woman's Club, Nineteenth Century Club, Oak Park and Woman's Club of Evanston, besides the private collections of many art patrons of the middle west. He is a member of Chicago Society of Artists, Chicago Water Color Club, Chicago Artists' Guild and the Alumni of Chicago, and winner of the William F. Grower prize in 1913.

# DIG UP FOR OUR BOYS!

*By BILLY SUNDAY*

SOME old geezers are strong on prayers for "The brave boys in the trenches and on our battleships," but their names haven't appeared on any Liberty Bond subscription list yet.

Prayers of that kind don't get as high as the gas jet. The country is full of rocking chair patriots who loaf around and talk loud and tell the boys they ought to go over and fight, while they sit around and argue and tell how Pershing, Haig and Petain and Foch ought to do this, that and the other, but you try and get them to dig up some coin to help feed and care for the boys who are doing the fighting, and you'd think they were handcuffed, they can't get their hands into their pockets.

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A LOT of fellows are saying these days: "Well, I'm too old to go." "I'm above draft age." "I wish I could get into it." You can get into it.

Every man of you can get into it.

You can do your bit right here. You can help feed and equip, and arm the boys who have gone over and are going over to fight for you.

Put every dollar you can rake and scrape into Liberty Bonds to help the boys win this war. There's coming a day when this war will be over.

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THERE'S coming a day when the German nation will be crushed and whipped out of its boots.

There's coming a day when our brave boys who won this war will march with the VICTORIOUS Britishers and French men and Italians and Belgians down the Unter den Linden singing Yankee Doodle and Dixie and they'll stack their arms in the Kaiser's front yard and turn Potsdam palace into a barracks for American troops.

There's coming a day when the American boys who won this war will come home, and, if you have any imagination or vision, try and imagine how the United States will go **wild with joy** when that time comes.

When the boys come back home, all the bells will ring, and all the flags on earth will wave, and all the bands will play, and all the horns will toot, and all the drums will throb, and all the air will vibrate with wild delirious joy.

The greatest heroes who ever lived will be the boys in khaki and navy blue with the Kaiser's scalp at their belts.

Will you be able to say: "I helped."

Will you be able to fish out a big bunch of Liberty Bonds and say: "I helped till it hurt"?

In that day will you be able to stand on the curbing as the long lines march past and throw your hat in the air and say: "I dug up the last dollar to keep those boys in the front lines over there"?

Or, will you have to slink away and hide, and sneak up some alley and go off home and hide your cowardly carcass?

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THE boys who are fighting this war, and the men and women who are paying their way while they are doing it, are together saving the world for Liberty and Justice.

And when the war is over the boys who fought and the men and women who kept them at the front are going to run this country.

Why, they are going to elect the next five or six presidents of this country.

For twenty years they will elect every President and Senator and Congressman and Governor and Legislator and Sheriff and Mayor and Alderman.

The men who saved this country are going to fill every office from Justice of the Peace to President.

And where will you be then if you are a shirker now?

You won't be able to dodge behind the excuse that you were too old, or too near sighted, or the head of a family, or knock-kneed, or flat-footed, spavined or got the string-halt.

If you can't fight you can do the next best thing—dig up for the boys who are fighting.

Life in America won't be worth living for the man or woman who didn't buy U. S. Government Bonds of the Third Liberty Loan.